

THE
ACTRESS OF FORTUNE,
AND THE BALLET GIRL:
OR,
THE PRICE OF VIRTUE
WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.
—
Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. T. ROGERS, ESQ.,
Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Ladies and gentlemen, for my own part, I positively cannot find it in me to express the feelings that animate me when recalling the trial way in which you have patronized this establishment since connection with it. (Hil hi!) Be assured, ladies and gentlemen, that I will spare no labor, no expense in making this house the of your future support. After Miss Barton's engagement, great English tragedian, Mr. Perry Mulligan, will have the honor of appearing before you; he is unequalled on either side of the Atlantic.

"Gas," cried a voice in the gallery.

Mr. Temple looked highly indignant at this reflection on his capacity.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to bid you, one and all, good night."

Tremendous applause followed, during which the manager sought refuge behind the curtain.

Mr. Temple's speech being brought to this admirable conclusion, as Barton, who had been listening attentively, returned to the box-room. A piece of paper was then handed to her. It was to effect.

"You never looked more charming than to night. Goddess of soul, queen of my adoration, tell somebody to admit me to thy presence. Your old friend, Jas. Manly."

Having perused this eloquent appeal, she immediately gave the necessary direction, and in a few minutes Major Ward presented himself before her.

"Why, Mr. Manly, where have you been for the last two years?"

"Ah! you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Try me."

"Well, then," said the Major, pulling up his collar, "I have been Mexico—in Nicaragua—in—"

"What! with that horrid Walker?"

"Yes; but why do you call him horrid?"

"Because the papers say so."

"My dear Mrs. Burroughs, you must not believe all the papers say. A braver man never lived, and had he been successful, he could now rank high on the list of heroes. Walker made a bold strike for immortality, and failed; others, with less merit, have been successful."

"Why did you leave New York?"

"On account of the scarcity of money."

"When did you come back?"

"This very afternoon. Strolling into the theatre, I recognized you, and sent in the note. I never thought you would turn actress; but Burroughs can't be alive."

"Yes, and as wicked as ever."

"He has still a hankering after the women?"

"I believe he has."

"Oh! the miserable sinner. At all events, his wife is able for him."

"You give me too much credit," replied Mrs. Burroughs. "And that's something people would never give me."

"I'd really like to hear the story of your adventures," resumed the lady, "it must be very interesting."

"You'd find it far from tiresome, I promise you."

"What are you going to do with yourself to-night?"

"I don't know, indeed."

"Could you see me home?"

"I think I could," responded the Major, "if your heart's in the place."

"You must determine that for yourself."

Miss Barton was now obliged to go on for the fifth act, and Ward left alone. He amused himself for a time by inspecting the accounts of the green room, and they were a very entertaining study. A member of the Press, asked Timber, accusing him.

"No, sir," answered the Major, surveying the critic from head to foot.

"Excuse me, I thought you might be the 'new man' on the Buncombe Illustrated Budget."

"Never heard of the concern before, and never want to hear of it again."

"Indeed?"

"I have no extra love for illustrated papers."

"One of them may have published your portrait," said Timber, smiling.

"No, but I think they carry the 'freedom of the Press' too far!"

"How so, sir?"

"Well, if a murder is committed, the public wants to know all about it, and it is the duty of the reporter to satisfy the public curiosity; but it is not his duty to hunt round among every drawer in the house, searching for scraps of paper, and printing everything he can lay his hands on. He has no business to rake up all the secrets of a family, merely because a tragedy has stained their dwelling. He finds a piece of poetry in a closet, there is no necessity for announcing that the daughter of the murdered man wrote it."

"Unless he wanted to prove her innocence, for any one that is silly enough to write poetry could never be so much in earnest as to commit a murder."

"In short, sir," continued the Major, "I object to illustrated papers on account of the inquisitive, prying spirit that guides them. The Press acts in a manner becoming its high position, it is worthy of all respect; but when, for the purposes of gain, it drives the dagger still deeper into a bleeding heart, and tears away the green that should hide private suffering from the unfeeling comments of the world, it should be denounced by every honest man. As editor who does not agree with me had better retire at once to private life, for his paper must go to the wall at last."

"You talk warmly on the subject," said Timber.

"And truly."

"That cannot be denied."

Timber always agreed with everybody, but retained his own opinion after all.

"By the by," he exclaimed, "Miss Barton must be well off."

"Very likely," replied the Major.

"What can her real name be?"

"What can it be?" echoed Ward.

"You seemed intimate with her, and I thought you might know."

"I do."

"I'm all on fire to find it out."

"So I see, by your head."

Timber called his half-brother, and was intensely disgusted by the Major's ungentlemanly witicism. Livit, who overheard the conversation, contributed little to his serenity by laughing in his face. The Major had given him some hard raps, and his present discomfiture added him exceedingly.

"Speaking of the illustrated papers," he remarked, "reminds me of a circumstance that happened last week. You remember the funeral of the Hon. Mr. —, and what an immense multitude assembled before his residence to show their respect for the memory of the deceased statesman. My friend, Mr. White, lives exactly opposite, and he was greatly annoyed by the crowds who packed upon his stoop, as his house was getting painted, and the workmen did not want to be interrupted. He at length induced the people to withdraw, but scarcely had they done so, when a man pushed forward, stated that he was an artist attached to the undisturbed, and in defiance of the paint under his feet, advised Mr. White of his determination to take photographic views of the funeral cortege from the stoop. My friend remonstrated with him, but the man wouldn't listen to reason, and Mr. White was finally compelled to flatter him a favor which he had not loved to the multitude at large. When the 'Pundit' came out, Mr. White was assailed in a scurrilous and most ungenerous manner, and all because he thought proper to protect his own property from damage."

"Served him right; he should have shown a more accommodating spirit. Such meanness is incomprehensible."

"Admitting that it was mean, that can be no palliation for the lack on his character. Suppose he went to the office of the editor, sat down, and announced his determination of writing



JERRY BRYANT, OF BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.

[A Sketch of the Life, Death, and Burial of Jerry Bryant will be found in our Theatrical Department in this issue.]

there all day; would the editor allow it? No; in all probability, he would kick him out."

"And serve him right again; the case would be entirely different."

"Then, we look at it in different ways."

The fifth act was now over, and Miss Barton's triumph was complete. Timber, Burroughs and Tomkins hurried off to make their reports. The Major and Mrs. Burroughs, after the latter had divested herself of her gay attire, betook themselves to the house in Fifth Avenue. The lady was provided with a night-key, and they readily gained admittance.

As they crossed the passage on the second floor, hugging themselves in the belief that they were unobserved, a door was slowly opened, and Thomas, the grocer's own man, glanced curiously after them. When they had entered Mrs. Burroughs's apartment, he sneaked away, and found his unhappy master still sitting up.

"Is that woman in the house, Thomas?"

"Yes, and there is somebody with her."

"One of those giddy actresses, probably."

"No, sir—a man."

"What! she cannot have fallen so low."

"True as gospel."

"Is it Temple?"

"No, I'm certain it's not."

"By heaven! I'll soon put a stop to their amusement. Wait here, Thomas, and unless you hear a noise, do not stir out."

Thomas waited five minutes—heard no noise—and began to feel uneasy. Ten minutes more went by, and he could stand it no longer. Stealing over to Mrs. Burroughs's room, he bent his ear to the key-hole, and listened. There was no sound within. A strange dream swept through his heart, and his limbs trembled, but, mustering up sufficient courage, he turned the handle of the door, and entered. The place was empty, but the gas was still burning. He passed on into the bed room, and there his worst fears were confirmed. The grocer was lying on the floor, his face down, and blood pouring from a wound in his side. Turning his master over, Thomas saw that life had not yet departed.

"Who did this?"

Burroughs made a last effort, raised his head slightly, and replied:—

"My wife."

With these words, he fell back, never more to rise.

The morning papers chronicled the triumphant debut of Mrs. Burroughs—the evening papers detailed the fearful murder of her husband. Life and death—there is only a step between them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Walker Todd, Again—Clerks "On the Loose"—Get Astonished—Todd's Friendship for Stephens—Appointed Meeting with Benson—Scout Calls—Will "Cracking" a Jewelry Store, Pay—Gigantic Robbery Concerted—One Stroke, and Leave the Business—Jessie's Note—Betty Carter Back.

MR. WALTER TODD'S business was on the road to ruin. He had now been absent more than two weeks, and nobody seemed to have the least lacking of his whereabouts. Trade fell off; his usual customers found their way to rival stores; and many people hinted that he had absconded to parts unknown, bearing money which did not belong to him.

Wilkins, the book-keeper, who had been left in charge of the concern, was nearly distracted by the responsibility that rested on his shoulders; the clerks would not submit to his orders, and each one was his own master, going and coming when he pleased. Still, no letter was received—not even a telegraphic despatch; all was uncertainty and confusion in an establishment once noted for its neatness and regularity. Every day, Wilkins combed over the pages of the Herald for descriptions of missing men, and he had proceeded several times to the upper part of the city, thinking to identify his employer in some individual "found floating in the water." He was also on the point of acquainting the police with his fears.

The clerks, on the other hand, enjoyed this state of things amazingly; they had nothing to do of any consequence, and lounged about the store hour after hour, seemingly caring little whether the jobber was ever heard from or not.

"This is certainly very strange," said Wilkins, one morning, "and I really don't know what to do. If he stays away much longer we'll have to close up."

"Don't be alarmed," broke in Frank Benson, "Todd will take care of himself, wherever he is."

"You can go your pile on that," said Shorty; "he's always right side up with care, and if any one gets the best of him I'll sell my head for a stove."

"One stove's as good as another."

The party were smoking, although Todd had expressly forbidden the enjoyment of the weed on the premises.

"I say, Frank," asked one, "what has become of the dancing girl? Another startling disappearance, eh?"

Frank scowled at the speaker, but did not honor him with a reply.

"For my part, I'm perfectly willing that Todd should stay away forever, if Wilkins has money enough in the safe to pay my salary."

"He'd require very little to do that."

"Oh! now, that's a big thing on Snyder, ain't it?"

"No, it's a small thing on Shorty."

"It's really a shame," said the book-keeper, "that he don't write."

"So it is," assented the rest.

"Such odd conduct in a man of his sense," resumed Shorty, "is unaccountable. If he was here now, I'd tell him boldly to his face that—"

"What?" demanded a deep voice behind him.

If Shorty had ever wished the house to topple over, and bury him in the ruins, it was just at that moment. The cigar dropped from his mouth, and he did not exactly know whether he was standing on his head or on his heels. The clerks fell back and dispersed to their work as if a cannon ball had alighted among them, for Walter Todd, wearing his old, supercilious smile, had broken in abruptly on their confab, even as Oliver Cromwell had interrupted the councils of a factious parliament. His dress was as neat, his manner as calm as ever; two weeks had not altered his exterior in the slightest degree.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he enquired of Wilkins, who was left alone in his glory to confront him. "Can't I stop out for a minute without having my employees idle, and the store turned topsy-turvy?"

"We were merely wondering, sir, at not getting any word from you."

"There is the smell of smoke, too; you know I never sanctioned smoking here. How is trade?"

"Dull."

"I suppose people have been speculating about my prolonged absence."

"Rather."

"I could expect nothing less when my own clerks set them the example. Harding!"

Harding was the name that Shorty ought to have been known by, but wasn't.

"Sir!" replied that unfortunate counter-jumper, stepping forward.

"From this day I dispense with your services; we are doing nothing now, and our expenses must be curtailed. Wilkins will settle with you."

Shorty turned away with a gloomy brow.

Mr. Todd then went into his office, and an hour passed by tranquilly enough. At the end of that time he summoned Wilkins.

But hardly were the words out of his mouth when Mr. Benson, Sen., made his appearance, and the book-keeper, of course, had to make way for him, which, to tell the truth, he was mighty glad to do.

"So you have returned from Boston," said Mr. Benson, taking a chair.

"Yes."

"You were away longer than you intended at first, I believe."

"I was, but I had a very good time, indeed. Had I not lost considerable on Watson's failure, there would have been nothing to mar the enjoyment of the excursion."

"You don't mean to say that the old firm of Blake & Watson has failed?"

"No," replied Todd, hurriedly, "this man is only a short time in business. How goes on the search for your daughter?"

"I have found her."

"Found her!" exclaimed the jobber, starting up.

"Well, not exactly that; but I know where she is."

"Where?"

"With the very man I paid to look for her—the man you sent me to."

"What! Stephens!—he is in the South?"

"So they say. You told me when I first made you acquainted with Jessie's fate, that revenge alone was at the bottom of the mystery; in that you were right. The man who bore her from her home had just cause of resentment against me. I will not therefore prosecute him for the deed, and, as he has confessed all, it would be of little use to do so."

"May I ask who this man is?"

"Mr. Lyon, a clothes dealer in Chatham street."

"I have heard something of him before," said Todd.

"My son will probably marry his daughter, and I would therefore live at peace with him."

"You surely will not let Frank contract such an alliance as that."

"It's not a very good one, I must confess; but I have sound reasons for letting the marriage take place. It will make Frank steadier, and if he does not marry now, he may remain single all his life. Besides, he is really attached to the girl."

"So, your two children are disposed of?"

"Yes, but I fear that Jessie is connected with a bad man. One who is at the head of a secret organization can scarcely be anything else."

"I am not altogether a stranger to the Captain of the Dark Family," said the jobber; "and, from what I have seen of him, I believe that his equivocal position should be ascribed to circumstances over which he has no control, more than to any wickedness of his own."

"I took him myself for a man of great ability, and deemed it a pity that he should be connected with people so far beneath him. If he consents to visit Europe for a year or two, I am disposed to act liberally towards him."

"But he would not go without his wife."

"Let him take her with him. On their return to this country, the memory of his transgressions would have passed away, and nobody would be likely to annoy him."

"I have not thought proper," said Todd, slowly, "to admit the fact to you before, but Mr. Stephens is a very intimate friend of mine."

"He did not seem to remember you when I mentioned your name to him in Roosevelt street."

"Perhaps not—a man in his situation must be cautious. I knew him in other days when he was a different man from what he is now, and, believe me, he endured much before he began to war against Society."

"Your words give me great pleasure, Mr. Todd. I know not how it is, but I have more confidence in you than in any man I ever met. Would to God that my daughter was united to a man I could respect as much."

"I am certain," resumed the jobber, "that Stephens is tired of his present companions, and I will even go so far as to promise, that, should you deem it advisable, he will take his wife to Europe. By the way, Mr. Benson, couldn't you go with them yourself?"

"I might."

"And leave Frank at home; if his marriage makes him a wise man, I will take him into partnership."

"Do you know when Stephens will be in New York?"

"He is here already."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, arrived last night."

"Then I must call upon him at once."

"Not so fast, my dear sir; he has many things to arrange before he can meet you, and may even leave the city again for a couple of days. Let me think. This is Tuesday—on Monday next you shall have an interview with him."

"But I must see Jessie sooner."

"It will be impossible. I am acting now for the good of all parties. Call upon them on Monday—not before."

"Where? in Roosevelt street?"

"No, at No. — Broome street. Don't forget the number, and I will endeavor to be present myself."

"Do so, Mr. Todd. How can I ever pay the debt of gratitude I owe you?"

"You may as well bring Frank, but say nothing to him about it beforehand."

"Very well; I will rigidly follow your directions."

When Mr. Benson had departed, Todd again desired Wilkins to step into the office. But the book-keeper had scarcely got down from his high stool when a second individual came in to see the jobber. So he ascended to his porch again, and to his figures.

The new comer was no other than Swain, the lieutenant of the Dark Family; he seated himself, but said not a word, seeming to think that Mr. Todd knew better why he was there than he did.

"Swain, I have been turning something over in my head, and I want to have the benefit of your experience on the subject. Would it pay to break into a jeweller's?"

"Would it pay! you are laughing at me. One could not occupy his time in a better manner. My mouth waters at the prospect of turning over the precious stones, and flinging the diamond pins and watches. Would it pay! If you don't know what'll pay, who does?"

"You may have noticed that the shop next door makes a grand show now-a-days. There are two or three fortunes on the shelves, to say nothing of the contents of the window."

"I see. If it could be done safely, it wouldn't be a bad thing."

"The wall running between Mr. Creighton's cellar and ours, is about a foot thick—the only difficulty in getting into the store."

"Does any one sleep in the building?"

"Yes, one of the salesmen. If we come upon him during his slumber, he can be tied and rendered harmless."

"And if he comes upon us?"

"That will be only an additional reason for tying him."

"Will you make the attempt to-night?"

"No, Swain, I prefer Thursday night—in two days. We will cut our way into the wall, however, so that when the time comes, there will be nothing to do except removing the body."

"It will take more than two of us to do that, if the thing is to be done in the right style."

"Why so?"

"There may be pieces of plate, and heavy articles of that description which cannot be easily carried off. We may as well gut the place while we are about it."

"Just as well. Let four or five of the Family keep guard in the street on Thursday night, and we will bring them into action when they are needed."

"When the police find the hole in the wall, suspicion will be at once directed towards you."

"I know it."

"You'll have to quit the lace and ribbon business forever."

"Yes, I must be missing after the job is done. Creighton and I were never on very good terms, and I believe he'd be glad to robbed him, if only for the pleasure of sending me to State's Prison."

"You won't be obliged to leave New York?"

"I may."

"Nonsense! take off those whiskers, and the devil himself wouldn't know you were Walter Todd. By all that's holy, if you don't wear them at the day of judgment, St. Peter will let you into heaven in mistake for some other man; and if you once get in, I'd defy the whole celestial army to get you out again."

"Come, Swain, don't be ridiculous. I think I'll quit the country altogether."

"You could do that; what would become of the—"

"Hush! not so loud. If our undertaking proves successful, I shall be independent."

"You ought to be."

"Yes, you are worth a snug little sum yourself, Swain."

"I'm not as poor as I once was, and that's a fact."

"You can thank me for your prosperity."

"I don't deny it."

"Well, now, let us regard the thing in a sensible way. A man can't go on lying and cheating forever. When we set the laws at defiance, we do so to accumulate money faster than we could by remaining honest; but when we are comparatively rich, it would be worse than madness to tempt fate any longer."

"That's clear enough," said Swain.

"One catastrophe may overturn and destroy the work of years, and leave us as poor and helpless as we were at first."

"But what would the Family think if I deserted them?"

"Oh! I'm not forcing you to do it; I merely offer the suggestion as a friend. It might be even better for you to remain as you are; but, with me, the case is different. Besides, it would not be deserting you could resign, and somebody else would be Lieutenant."

"My mind's made up; I'll stay where I am, and some of these days I may be Captain."

"Perhaps, you may. I will get the key of the store from the porter, and wait until you bring the tools. Be here about eight o'clock."

"All right."

Immediately after Swain made his exit, Wilkins entered the office, taking care, as he did so, to ascertain that nobody else was coming to see the jobber.

"You wished to speak with me," he began.

"Did I?" said Todd, elevating his eye-brows.

"Yes, sir."

"I really forget now why I wanted you. Oh! yes, it must have been to express my satisfaction with your conduct during my absence."

The book-keeper was pleasantly surprised by this sudden alteration in Mr. Todd's language. Two hours before, he had been unusually sharp and savage, and now his voice was as soft and conciliating as it could be.

"I am happy, sir, to hear this assurance of your approval. I applied myself as diligently to the business as if you had been here yourself."

"Say no more; I don't doubt you at all. I was rather out of sorts when I came in, but you will overlook it. You are drawing now, if I mistake not, seven hundred and eighty dollars a year."

"Yes, sir."

"Hereafter, your salary will be one thousand."

"You are too generous, Mr. Todd," said the enraptured Wilkins.

"No, you should have had that much long ago. Perhaps I was too hasty and severe towards Harding; at all events, I have concluded to retain him in my employ. Tell him so, if you please."

The book-keeper went out in a very enviable state of mind. The clerks were astonished at his good fortune, and Mr. Harding, alas

THE VERY LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE TURF.

FROM THE *Sporting Life*, April 3, 1861.

THE TURF.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

10

A W F U L S A C R I F I C

The following Jewelry must be sold to pay advances, and for nominal sum of TWENTY FIVE CENTS in either stamps or cash	
Gents Pins, with colored stones, worth from.....	\$1.00 to
do Fob and Ribbon Slides, worth from.....	0.50 to
do Roseum Studs, in variety worth from.....	0.75 to
do Silver Buttons, heavy worth from.....	0.50 to
do Plain Rings, worth from.....	1.50 to
do Stone Set Rings, worth from.....	2.00 to
Charm Lockets for Ladies and Gents.....	
Snell Locket Charms.....	
Ladies' Doug's Pins, with likeness, worth from.....	0.75 to
Sent free on receipt of 25 cents	
WILLIAM EVERETT & CO., 109 N. WALTON STREET, CHICAGO	

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE AMERICAN DRAFTY PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.
—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.
☛ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUINN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann Street, New York.

A CARD.—Bath, April 4th, 1861.—Having now the pleasure of waiting on Draught Players with the second edition of American Draught Player, I take this occasion to return my sincere thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on my efforts, and hope all those who have my work on the game are pleasantly convinced that I intend to issue in a few months a new and greatly enlarged edition, and which I mean to be entitled "A Supplement to American Draught Player," which will not be intended by any means to supersede my first treatise, but as an addition to that, making it still more complete. In this I intend to correct all the errors discovered in A. D. P., introduce new games, embody all the games analyzed, played by Master Players, and give a new search for the Championship of Great Britain, and everything else that may meet my attention of interest in the game. All Draught Players are invited to send me games for th's work, and any thing they may be pleased to contribute will be thankfully received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPATTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Received. Thanks. Send 'em along.
J. A. J., New York.—Do you intend to continue the game? Let us hear from you. Your move (28 24) is impossible.

E. B. DAWSON, Philadelphia.—Stamps received and back forwarded.

MARY E. M., Winoski Falls, Vt.—We have notified him, as you may perceive.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 84.—VOL. VIII.			
BY JAKE BROWN.			
White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..26 to 22	17 to 26	6..14 to 17	10 to 24
2..28 24	10 47	7..17 14	16 19
3..13 9	5 14	8..14 17	24 28
4..10 17	16 19	9..17 14	19 24
5..17 14	12 10	10..14 17, and wins.	

PROBLEM No. 272 —MIRON'S TOURNEY No. 10.

"To Turn About is Fair Play"

BY GEO. H. DERRICKSON.

WHITE.

Black to play and give mate in four moves.

BLACK.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 19TH POSITION.

Black.	White.
1.. 6 to 10	19 to 23, and wins!

GAME No. 1.—Vol. IX.

From the American Draught Player.

DEAR CUTLER—As the present week is "Pension Week," the sports in England invariably are at a standstill. The only thing that is in the shape of the national pastimes takes place, and it is only on Good Friday that this dullness and dreariness is overcome for on that day all London appears to be on the stir, and numerous running and wrestling matches take place, the wrestling consisting of the Cumberland and Westmoreland, and Devon and Cornwall, and yesterday each county was well represented; and from the back falls and swinging bites which were received, their benches seem to be in no pleasant state this morning as they could wish. I have not any of the news I had no doubt about getting any real, right down sick fighting times together, but as "Jack" says, when he ro's round his quid, "shiver my timbers," it has been more successful than I anticipated, and so to begin.

Of course, as the Championship is the Alpha and Omega, I must on to that *teretitia*. I stated in my last, that a rumor was prevalent that Horst would forfeit. I have since ascertained, that this was *done for a purpose*, and *notwith any intention of losing the match*. As a matter of fact, he was not in the ring, and he was not (as "Sheppard" the other day, and he was as blustering as ever, and a full of high notions as a blown bladder is of wind. Jack assures me, "on his honor," that the Benicia Boy would again visit England in a few; "but," says Jack, winking his eye, and looking as leon as a fox, "I do not think he has any intention of re-entering the Prize Ring." After I had bid the well known Jack adieu, Captain Turner, of New York, came across me, and after the commonplace talk of the hour, he asked me, "how is the sport of the States?" I said that the "Box" had no intention of leaving the States, as he was settled in New Orleans, and the business I gave that he had embarked was profitable, and he did not intend to give that up to come to England.

ORIGIN—DESCRIPTION.

Ms. Enron.—Quite willing to oblige your correspondent ("Gardner"). I have availed myself of the first leisure moment to glean from memory a brief history and description of the Billy Hawk, the little game fowl, I had I fear by me a file of *Cincinnati Enquirer* for '56 and '57, the task would be easy, inasmuch as during 17 years I gave a full and accurate history of these celebrated and unequalled fowls; should I now leave out anything of importance some of my Philadelphia friends may supply the omission.

Something like thirty years ago, prior to my search for the fowl, I saw in the papers that the Philadelphia was reputed to have as good game fowls as ever appeared in public, and no choice was he of them, that he was never known to give or lose even so much as an egg, excepting in a single instance, and that was to some one who had almost gathered his life for a sitting bird, and was therefore very anxious to get a pair, and when, at the end of three weeks (the ordinary time for incubation), the nest was examined, but no chicks were found; a second, third, and fourth day elapsed with no better result, when Spougee (we'll call him) concluded to break an egg, to his astonishment there were three young ones, and he was so much pleased with the result, that he was anxious about the thing. In fact, Spougee was sold; the egg had been dipped in hot water; he never asked for any more eggs, Spougee didn't. Time rolled round, new importations were arriving, the starch house fowls might be benefited by a cross; it was determined to infuse into them a little Quinoid blood. The Quinoid fowls were not at all common, and it was to his credit that the member men, speak with a sort of reverential regard at their extinction.

About this time our friend obtained from Nova Scotia a remarkably fine cock, which was put with a few of the choicest starlings, one of them with a brood of chicks was placed with the cock, and a baby, I believe, who had a most excellent way with whom it was considered entirely safe to entrust the poultry. Some two or three weeks after, Billy Beard, one of our cognoscenti, happened, during an afternoon stroll, to pass by the butchers, and espying the chickens, he addressed the butcher as follows:—

"How do you do, John? I see you've got a nice lot of chickens, almost big enough for a pot pie, what will you take for the lot, hen and all?"

"Oh Billy," replied John, "there's a lot of the starch-house loss that the old man has sent here; he won't do it part with 'em on account, you know, he's got 'em common property."

"Oh, yes, you're right," said Billy. "Now, really, we've got game or no game. I'll give you five dollars for the real, and we come for them this evening after dark; old Starch-house need know anything about it: so here's your money; a pretty darn rip-off they'll make." *Eccent' comes: Billy, homeward; Butcher's men a few minutes; some talk between the two days follow*

"This is a broad game, and a better one. It has since been said the same identical hen and chickens were seen in the possession of Billy Bled."

The butcher informed Starch House of his loss, said the rats 'em up, or else somebody stole 'em. Be that as it may, however, in a year or two Billy Beard was possessor of the best game fowl that had ever been seen in the Quaker City.

Fowls known as the Billy Beard White Hackles were of but colors—red and brast-backs, yellow legs and yellow bills, sil combs; now and then a double comb, and occasionally one or white legs would be produced. Their flesh was white, and, ever fattening, this peculiarity was maintained. The crow of the cock resembled the cackle of the hen, and they were as distinguished for this as for any other feature. In battle the cock was never was hope of success; and never until life was extinct, was it fought against them. The cocks would average about five pounds, hens probably four; a distinctive feature, also, was the remarkable brilliancy and abundance of plumage; I have never seen any other approach to it in any particular. The best, and, I believe, only representation of it, through the Starch House cock is a painting now or lately in the possession of Isaac H. Hubbs, whom, after having disposed of his entire flock, John Hubbs (old Starch-House) presented it. I have frequently walked over to the (Red House on Broad street, Philadelphia,) to take a look at this famous bird, and as often have I thought it ought to be in my apartment; but my apartment is so small, and the cock, as exalable, but it shall not be my purpose just now to do so. I have upon which I would base my claim. The cock, of which painting is a faithful representation, was one that had fought several battles, and he was sketched while eyeing a large chicken hawk that was hovering over the walk with the evident intention of upon some of the chicks. The cock was prepared to meet him, but he was not to be so easily taken care for more access quarters. The old chap didn't feast of game chickens that day, at least he didn't die at the Starch House.

There is no appreciable distance I wouldn't travel to see a fewl such as I once saw at the walk of Mr. Hubbard's son-in-law. He came by this way.—Shortly after taking to himself old man's only daughter, he made him a visit, during which he said to Father, "I have given you a fewl of mine." "Well," said the old man, "I suppose I must give you some." "Yes," said the young gent, "but unless I can get what I fancy, I don't want any." "A damned particular for a beggar," said the old man, "but I suppose you must continue to have your own way.—I think I know what are after; you'll take my brass bracks." Sure enough, his son-in-law brought bracks, seven benches and a cock, which for size, quality and general bearing, I think I am safe in saying, have never been equalled, and possibly never equalled; at all events, had I a pair

We have had several little mills this week. On Monday, the Birmingham fancy had up to a gala day, for they had two good mills the first between Bigger Crutche's service, and Moran. I was not there, but I have been made acquainted with the facts and result by one of the assistants, Mr. W. Adams, and your Countryman waited upon Kearsy, whilst Morris's Iphelia and a Brummagem "Pub did duty for Moran. They fought at H-y Mill Valley, close by Birmingham, and as both men were in prime condition, they dealt out to each other, in fine order, blows sufficiently hard, one would have imagined, to cut the horns off a bullock. For three quarters of an hour the tide of affairs appeared to be pretty evenly balanced, and then, at the close of the third round, the ring was cleared, and at this time Moran, who had his left peeper in darkness, appeared a bit weak, and at the close of the 234 round the fight having lasted 73 minutes, Morris Iphelia threw up the sponge, and Kenny whaled the victor.

[illegible]

handed mill, for a tanner, down the river, between Irish Sullivan and Wm. Harty. Both were novices in the ring, but had had frequent turn-ups, with different results, previously. Having started at an early hour, it was hoped that the mill would be got through before the sun would be down on the water, but this was not the case, for after a few rounds had been well fought, the excitement and stinging blows delivered, these disturbers of a good night put in an appearance, and as it is useless to put in a plea of non jurisdiction to these blue bottles, a move was at once determined upon, and after going in different directions for a long time the rent was lost, and at it again the lads went. Harty's right leg was closed, and his right hand almost useless; therefore, a move was at once seen that it was almost a good omen for him, and so he was allowed to go, and Sullivan, with his right arm opposite frequently to grass, and Harty, who appeared as a novice, was left to his utmost to turn the tide in his favor; but with his right leg closed, and his hand up, it was not likely; and his second's seeing that he had no chance, wisely threw up, and Sullivan, after the close of the twenty-second round, declared the winner; and this was done just in time, for had it been kept on five more minutes, a second move would have been necessary, for before the men could get their clothes on, the police found us out, but this time, we were

The deposits for the forthcoming big events have all been made, and some fresh good matches are on the tapis, viz. Thomas, the Welchman, and Joe Nolan, for £300 a side. This comes off, I think, I imagine, he one of the best mills in record for both as well known fighters, and as for cleverness, there is no one else in the country who can give him a run. The present appears to be two pounds. Nolan wants to fight at Set 1, whilst Thomas wants it to be Set 5 b. I have great faith that will be got over, and then this big mill will be set going satisfactorily. Brett also declares his willingness to match his own against King, for a side, to fight in June next. This appears to be the suit King has been waiting for. As he has not wanted a customer, he tells me that he will accommodate Mr. Bob, and thus this affair may be said to be so far adjusted.

This next week we shall be busy at the ring side, on no less than four fights come of Curing Monday and Tuesday. On Monday White and Parkinson fight for £20, which, I think, White will win. On Tuesday Cannon at H. Halsey for £20. On Wednesday Cannon, Owen Lee and Jim Mac's black fight in the same ring for £20, which, I fancy, will be in favor of darkie. And on same day, in the Bristol district, Reardon and Shipp, for £45, B. den taking £25 to £20, which he will win.

The two ex-champions, Ben Caunt and Harry Broome, after a long bickering at each other for a long time, have determined to throw the gloves. Broome has just been in the States. Broome has announced his intention of commencing as a Bet Commission Agent, and as such intends to pay visits to the different state meetings this summer, on purpose to lay out other people money for them. Query—who will trust him? For when a does not know how to take care of his own, it is not likely for to know how to take care of anybody else's. Ben Caunt intends to give up his old career, and will be at the various prize gatherings for sporting purposes, and as he will take a pretty stout with him, I should say that his will be the most profitable the two.

I see that it is announced that Mr. Newbold's agent in America, George Rowley, is expected shortly to return to England; not but he is wanted by more than one or two, that I know.

Mr. Ten Broeck reached England in safety in the Adriatic on the other day, and when I saw him at the "Corner," he looked in the enjoyment of first rate health, and ready to commence afresh his year's turf campaign, which I trust will be more favorable to him than last.

There has been lots of trotting, shooting, and running this week, but not having either time or space to chronicle it I must haul in my log, and at once sign myself, Yours,
MARKSM.

CRICKET IN BOSTON.—The friends of the game in that section already making preparations for the coming season. The B. C. Club has several matches on hand, to take place at an early date. They held a meeting for election of officers on the 1st inst.

The fourth *partie* of the match now in abeyance between New York and Philadelphia.

KVANS GAMBIT.			
Attack, Mr. Dwight.		Defence, Mr. Leonard.	
1. P to K4	P to K4	22. B to Q2	K R to Q7
2. P-K-B3	P-K-B3	23. P-K Q5	K R to Q7
3. P-K-B4	K-B-B4	24. Q-B-Q3	B-Q-R4
4. P-Q-Kt4	B x K-P	25. P-Q-R3 (c)	K-R-Q7
5. P-Q-B3	B-Q-R4	26. Q-K-R8	P-K-R4
6. P-Q4	K-P x P	27. Q-K-R4	B-Q-Kt3
7. Castles	K-K-B3	28. R-K-B3	K-R-Q5
8. P-K-B3	P-K-B3	29. P-Q must	K-Q-K5
9. P-K5	K-Kt-B5	30. Q-R-Q5 (d)	K-B-Q5
10. K-R x P	P x P	31. K-R eq must	K-R-K5
11. K-R-K sq +	K-P x K	32. K-R-K eq	K-R x R
12. K-K-B3	Q3d P x Kt	33. Q-R x R	B x Q-R3
13. Q-K-Q2	Q-P x P	34. Q-R-Q3	P-Q-R3
14. Q-K-Q2	Q-P x P 2 must	35. Q-R-B2	Q-R-Q4
15. Q-K-K4	K-B-B2	36. P-K-B4	P-K5
16. K-Kt Kt5	P-K Kt3	37. P-Q-B3	R-Q eq
17. Q-K-R6	P-K-B4	38. R-Q-B3	Kt x Q-R
18. B-B-R7 +	Q x K-B (a)	39. Q x P-B	Kt-K3
19. Q-K-Q4	K-Q-K4	40. B-Q-K2	B-Q-B3 (l)
20. Q-K3	Q-B-Q3	41. K-B-B4	K-home
21. - - - 2(b)		42. B-Q-R3, and eventually	

(a) A little inattention, under the influence of circumstances here necessary to enumerate, costs this; but new the very epic of Chees seems to come upon the Defence, and all our readers will with us admire the splendid battle which follows. Truly, the interest of a game of chess lies not merely, as so many seem to think in the mere question of scoring or losing it.

(b) The Attack should here have taken P. and when Defence

(c) This prevents Q B to R 4th to win the exchange, which he evidently fears he plays Q to Kt 2d, then takes Kt P (ch) and gets, at least, a far preferable result to his present position. White's move even of "the villagers," over and over, is a very good move—and, surely, it's nothing so wonderful, after all. An intricate contest follows, both parties frequently reduced to forced moves.

(d) This prevents Q B to Q 4th, which, now allowed, would give the defence an ultimate victory—though the position would hardly be a draw.

(e) Unfortunately! R to K Kt sq would, at least have held game of the Defence good for a draw; and a victory even might have called not improbable. Verily the gallant fight since the 18th m deserves such a consummation.

Recently played in Baltimore between Mr. J. H. M. and our contributor N. R. Waters, giving P and 2.

PAWN AND TWO MOVES.

	Mr. J. H. M.	N. R. Waters.	Mr. J. H. M.	N. R. Waters.
1.	P to Kt 3 (a)		23.	R to Kt 3
2.	P-Q 4	K-Kt to B3	24.	Q-Kt 6
3.	K-Kt-B3	P-Q 3	25.	P-Q R 4
4.	K-B-B3	P-Kt 3	26.	Kt-Kt 3
5.	K-P-B3	K-Kt 2	27.	K-B-B3 (c)
6.	Castles	P-KR 3	28.	Q-Kt 4
7.	K-Kt-R 4	Castles	29.	P-K-B 6
8.	K-Kt-his 6	R-B 2	30.	Kt-QB 2
9.	P-K-B 4	P-Q 4	31.	Kt-Q 4
10.	K-P-B 3	P-Q 4	32.	Q-home
11.	P-P-B 3	Kt-Kt-B3	33.	K-R-B 3
12.	K-P-B 5	Kt-Kt 5	34.	P-Q 4
13.	Kt-Q 2	Kt-Kt 1	35.	Q-R-his 8
14.	P-Kt 1	Kt-Kt 5 (b)	36.	Q-her R 4
15.	K-R-K 5	P-Q 5	37.	R-R-Kt 3 (f)
16.	K-B-Q 2	K-B 4	38.	R-Kt 7
17.	Q-Kt-home	Q-her Kt 3	39.	R-P x R
18.	K-R-B 3	Q-B 2	40.	K-B-his 8
19.	Kt-R 6	K-Kt 2 (d)	41.	Q-Kt 1
20.	Kt-R 6	K-his 5	42.	K-Q 4
21.	K-B-K 6	Kt-QB 2	43.	K-Q 2
22.	K-B x R	K x B	44.	K-home

Notes.—By our contributor.

(a) Not so advantageous an opening at these odds, as the moves of P to K and Q 4th.

(b) Wrong. The Defence must be wide awake to win, after slip.

(c) Preferring the loss of the exchange on this square to giving two Pawns in a few moves, which must have been fatal.

(d) It does not seem to have been a part of the Attack's course to regain the P by 27. Kt takes P; his object apparently to get his idle pieces into play, and so push on his own attack rapidly as possible.

(e) The Attack might here have finished off his antagonist quite an artistic fashion—we think—something thus—37. Q x B x Q mat. 38. P to E 7, R to Kt 2. seems as near best as thing, but we cupne the days of the Defence are few and evil. M. 1.

(f) If he take the proffered B, mate in 2 is the reward of blemity. He might, however, have taken B 2, with the certainty of getting the Rook afterwards. The course adopted, however, seems the speediest way of winning.

FOOLHARDY SHOOTING—A short time since, while Green C was crossing the square, Abram Dudney, standing before one of the bar-rooms, offered to bet whisky for the crowd that he could

ENCOURAGING SPORTS.—A bill for the incorporation of skating parks and sporting grounds has passed the Legislature of this State.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.			
Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
1..11	15	22	17
2..15	19	24	15
3..10	19	23	16
4..12	19		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND J. A. J.
 Black.—Mary. White.—J. A. J.
 5..12 16 24 20

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.
 Black.—O. T. S. White.—W. S. K.
 6..10 15 21 17

POSITION No. 1.—VOL. IX. THE 20TH POSITION OF STURGE
BY A. B. C. BLACK. BLACK.

WHITE.
Black to play and win.

WHITE.
White to play and win.

EXCITING FIGHT IN ST. LOUIS.
TWO MATCHES MATCHED AGAINST A BRAZILIAN TIGER.
DEATH OF THE TIGER, AND TRIUMPH OF THE DOGS.
St. Louis is progressing. Havana will have to look well to it.

“While the masses of our population were yesterday gathered in divine worship or virtuously reposing at home, a fight between two dogs and a Brazilian tiger drew some eight or nine hundred

men and boys to Arsenal park. The exhibition had been largely advertised in the city prints and by immense posters on the streets and the only wonder is that a much greater crowd was not attracted by the promised spectacle. As it was, however, the Fifth street cars were nearly monopolized between one and two P. M. by hundreds of 'roughs'—men, women and boys—and gentlemen would object to being classed as 'roughs'—all bound to the scene.

excitement. The tiger was a veritable tiger, imported two years since from Brazil, South America, of a small leopard-like species and said to be three years old. The animal has been for several months on exhibition at a small menagerie on the southeast corner of 88th and O'Fallon streets. The creature stood about twenty inches high, and was some three and a half feet long, and weighed about ninety-five pounds. The proprietor stated that he paid \$200 for it. The dogs were a bull terrier, weighing about thirty pounds, and a huge black slut of mixed greyhound breed, imported from Germany, and weighing some eighty-five pounds. The owner is Mr. Stumpff, barber, billiard and beer saloon proprietor on Carondelet avenue near Park avenue. This momentous match was made some two weeks ago, and the corfict was to have taken place last Sunday, but was deferred in consequence of the impending thunder and lightning and rain on that day. The match was postponed to the 21st inst.—sunday—when it was to be fought by the fee of twenty-five cents required for the admission of a visitor. The tiger was domiciled in a cage eighteen feet long, seven wide, and ten high. This was placed upon an eligible spot, and around it in front was built a wooden fence to keep off

crowd. At three o'clock the dogs were led from their kennel the door of the cage, and allowed to look for a moment on the enemy. The latter crouched at the extreme end of the cage, eyes fixed on the dogs, and the crowd of spectators, who were all white at the same instant, sprang forward, bounding to the front and coming down upon the invaders. Their fur and blood flew wildly, but they at once extricated themselves, and both dashed furiously towards the foe. Sir tiger received them with murderous strokes of his fore paws, never scalping them, and tearing off bits of flesh and hide at each blow. He finally seized the terrier by the jaws in his mouth, and with a cruel and shaking jerk, threw him over his incisors deep in his throat. Very reluctantly, he was thus forced to release the terrier, but the sluttishly refused to relinquish her hold. His utmost efforts to shake or tear her off were unavailing, the terrier in the meanwhile having pounced upon his back and being engaged with the utmost enthusiasm in gnawing through his neck from the top. It became plain that the poor tiger was wrong, and that, probably, he was the one who ought to be shot. He, however, did not attempt to draw off the dogs. It proposed to shoot them, but this would only have transferred war from the cage to the crowd. Stunified, however, removed dogs. Their victim then rose, staggered a few steps, fell, and expired.

FAST VOYAGE BY A YACHT.—The cutter yacht *Spray*, 20 tons, sailed from Glasgow on the 7th Sept., for Hobart Town, and made passage in 120 days. Her crew were a captain and six men; England to the Cape she beat all the vessels which sailed within 10 days; her greatest day's run was 195 miles, and the shortest

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Amusements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS UNION, INC.
The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 13 North Street, basement. 41-5m
Albany, N. Y., J. B. Smith, Morning Times Office. 36-5m
Troy, N. Y., A. B. Ray, Troy Daily Whig Office. 33-5m
Boston, Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-5m

BRYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE.
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
JERRY, NEIL and DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists—
JERRY BRYANT, NEIL BRYANT, DAN BRYANT,
P. B. BRACE, M. W. GOULD, J. H. SIVORI,
W. L. BOBBS, G. D. CONNORS, G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. ADAMS, J. H. HILTON, H. PERCY,
J. J. FERGUSON, T. NORTON, OLD DAN EMMETT,
and JAPANESE TOMMY, or "WHAT IS IT?"

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comedies, &c. The first to introduce the following popular acts—
Ensemble of Old Virginia, Scenes at Gurney's, Challenge Dance, The Three Hunters, Surprise Party, The Garretters, African Poets, Rural MacDill Darro's, Grape Vine Twist, Miss Laidly Fling, And many others.
Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Goner, Whose Wheel Dat Burnin', Chaw Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Sounds, High Low Jack, Heman and Sayers, and many others.
Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 34

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE.
(Late Orway Hall), BOSTON.

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK, For the representation of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS
In all the Departments, by the world renowned and only
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
THE ESTABLISHED FAVORITE,
Consisting of the following first class talent.

A. BOWERS. FRED HARRIS, J. S. GILBERT, J. J. MAGINNIS, R. SANDS, E. W. PRESOTT, MAST. GETTINGS, R. M. CARROLL, J. C. TROWBRIDGE, CARL TROUTMAN, JOHNNY PELL, AUGUST SCHNEIDER, R. H. MOIR, J. P. ENDRIS, LON MORRIS.
The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.

MOORE & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.
R. M. MOORE, A. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
The management tender the most acknowledged and the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.
R. M. MOORE, S. C. CAMPBELL, BEN COTTON, JOHNNY DULEY, KOLLIN HOWARD, W. CHARLES, J. C. REEVES, J. L. MELVILLE, CHARLES WERTIG, J. H. SCHMITZ, W. H. SIMMONS.
For particulars see Programmes and Posters.

WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.

A CARD.—The management would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they will positively sail for California in September of this year, and desire that any and all claims against said management be forwarded to Cleveland, Ohio, before the first of June.

FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.

CHARLEY BACKUS, GEO. W. SHEPARD, ALBERT JONES, C. BOSWALD, L. WHITE, M. T. SKIFF, F. M. WHORTER, CHARLEY BOVEE, J. KENTON, J. L. BURTON, F. CORDUCKS, GED FIELD, W. H. BROCKWAY, FRED WILSON, CHAS. A. MORRIS, and CHAS. A. MORRIS, Business Agent.

MRS. MATT. PELL & CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

Comprising FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS, Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumerable patrons with their
BEAUTIFUL SINGING, LUDICROUS BURLESQUES, UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING, OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c., Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who now hold the palm of superiority over all other traveling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of
CAMPBELL MINSTRELS.

NO CARDS EXPLANATORY. NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY. NO POUL MOUTHED SLANDERS, Used by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

Particulars of the evening amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.

UNSWORTH'S MINSTRELS.

UNSWORTH EUGENE & DONNIKER, Proprietors. These talented and world renowned performers have formed a co-partnership, and respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they will appear in all the principal cities of the United States and the Canadian, during the ensuing season. The organization consists of the following brilliant
GALLERY OF STAR PERFORMERS, viz:

JAMES UNSWORTH, EUGENE, J. B. DONNIKER, RAPHAEL ABECCO, JULIUS STRATTON, T. HAYES, G. O'NEIL, SIGNOR MORO, J. FROST, H. TRIGG, J. P. HILLIARD, G. O. JONES, E. PERRY, Agent, V. JOHNSON, LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS, Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following BRILLIANT GALLERY OF STARS—
JOHNNY BOOKER, HARRY EVARTS, DICK SLAY, S. S. PURDY, ROBT. LANE, THOS. JEFFERSON, G. L. HALL, H. H. WARRE, HERR HECK, whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; Dr. W. H. JONES, Agent.

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
SYLVESTER BLECKNER, Proprietor and Manager FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELRY, 561 and 563 Broadway, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS AND PRIZES, illustrative of
SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS, Still on their Triumphant Tour through the Eastern States, playing to the
LARGEST HOUSES EVER DRAWN BY ANY COMPANY.

And pronounced by everybody to be the best and Most Original Troupe ever seen, will appear at Worcester, April 9th and 10th; Pittsburgh, 11th and 12th; Nashua, N. H., 13th and 15th; Manchester, N. H., 16th and 17th; Concord, 18th and 19th; thence Dover, Portsmouth, Lawrence, Lowell, Salem, and Boston.

WM. H. DAVIS, Agent. SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

THEATRICAL. Actors and actresses of recognized ability, and an attractive danseuse (capable of enacting small parts), wishing an engagement to travel through the towns of the West, will address the undersigned without delay, stating capabilities and the lowest salary, enclosing a stamp for reply. Engagement to commence on or about 27th April. Memphis Post Office, Memphis, Tenn.

M. SHELLEY MORTIMER, business manager of the "Stereoscopic Museum," is requested to send his address to C. F. Smith, News Dealer, Madison, Ind.

W. M. HITCHCOCK.

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS

GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES.
Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.

The following talent is now connected with this Troupe—
W. PEAK, Sr., LISETTE M. PEAK,
MRS. W. PEAK, ANNE PEAK,
WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDDIE PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,
MRS. WM. H. LEWIS M. PEAK.

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS.
Imported expressly for this Company, and the only set of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the United States, have been travelling as two companies for the past two years, and now Consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Companies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other Troupe have the right to announce themselves as the Peak Family.

W. & W. M. PEAK, Proprietors.
C. C. CHASE, Manager and Business Agent.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY.

THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.

A continued performance of four and a half hours duration, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock; each and every act independent of the rest.

Embracing the gems of the
BALLET, PANTOMIME, OPERA AND BURLESQUE,
By the
LARGEST AND MOST VERSATILE COMPANY
EVER CONCENTRATED
IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.

The celebrated Irish Comedian,
MR. W. O'NEIL.
In his humorous and eccentric Irish Stories and Songs,
The Irish Schoolmaster, and Paddy's Wedding.
MONS. VELARDE and M. L. CLARA,
The accomplished Dancers and Ballet Dancers,
Late of the Ravel Troupe.
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNESE,
The great Spanish Contortionist, or Boneless Wonder.
CLARA HARRINGTON,
The Queen of Song.
CHARLEY WHITE,
In his Budget of Comedies, which defy competition.
MISS JENNIE ENGL.
The pleasing and accomplished Vocalist.
W. T. BUDWORTH, R. HART,
W. QUINN, FRED. SHAW,
HARRY LESLIE, D. CARROLL.

MISS EMILY LEWAIR, MISS ANNIE CHESTER,
MISS MARY BLAKE, MISS MILLIE FLORA,
MISS KATE HARRISON, MISS P. CHARLES,
MISS HATTIE ENGL, MISS ANNIE HARRISON,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE,
Without exception the largest in the country.
Together with a powerful and well appointed orchestra, led by
Professor FRED. VON OLKER.

Parquette, 20 Cents. Gallery, 10 Cents.
Seats in Private Boxes, 50 Cents.

ROBERT W. BUTLER, Proprietor.
MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

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(Basement.)

ORIGINAL PALACE CONCERT SALOON.

SINGING, DANCING, ETHIOPIAN PERFORMANCE.

THE BEST CONDUCTED PLACE IN THE CITY.

SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.

SOMETHING NEW IN BROADWAY.

WATER GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME.

WATER GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME.

WATER GIRLS IN FANCY COSTUME.

FREE ADMISSION. FREE ADMISSION. FREE ADMISSION.

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BROADWAY. 563 563 563 BROADWAY.

BROADWAY. 563 563 563 BROADWAY.

Corner of Prince street.

James L. O'CONNOR, Manager.

Late Manager of the Volks Garden.

1-10

BURTS' VARIETIES, BROOKLYN.

Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets.

ISAAC BURTS, Proprietor.

B. L. PACKARD, Treasurer.

J. L. DAVIS, Stage Manager.

We still adhere to the old motto—
FUN WITHOUT VULGARITY.

New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 45

NOTICE TO THE MINSTREL PROFESSION.—I have on hand a few bound volumes of BRYANT'S PROGRAMME AND SONG BOOK for 1859 and 1860; also one hundred volumes for 1860 and 1861. These volumes contain all the words of the songs sung by Bryant's Minstrels, with the entire programme complete, for one year. They are substantially bound. Will send to any part of the United States the two volumes complete, on the receipt of \$5 postage prepaid, or single volumes \$3. Address
Bryant's Minstrels, 472 Broadway, N. Y.

ST. LOUIS OPERA HOUSE.—The Dramatic Season of this establishment having closed, the St. Louis Opera House, the largest, most elegant and comfortable theatre in St. Louis, (the great Metropolis of the West,) will be put at rent for Opera, Concerts, Drama, Lectures, &c., at very fair conditions. For terms and particulars apply to HENRY BOERNSTEIN, Publisher, Anzeiger des Westens, and Lessee of St. Louis Opera House.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Feb. 18, 1861. 46-3m

DETROIT THEATRE. Wanted, for the above establishment, an Old Man and Old Woman, and a Juvenile Man.

52-3-4 E. T. SHERLOCK, Manager.

SHORT HANDLE BANJOS.

THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL INSTRUMENT.

One of DONNIKER'S BANJOS, acknowledged by the Profession to be the best instrument of the kind manufactured, sent to any address on receipt of \$10.

SOMETHING ENTIRELY NEW.

A Sweet Toned Banjo and Twelve Written Lessons for \$5. The Lessons are very simple, so much so a child can learn from them.

Tail Piece, Thumb, and Bridge, warranted to improve the sound of any Banjo, 50 cents. H. C. ROBINSON & BROS., Manufacturers and Teachers of the Banjo, Wood's Building, 561 and 563 Broadway, N. Y.

52-11-4

O. P. P.

MR. G. H. GRIFFITHS,

The Original PHUNNY FELLOW,

And the GREATEST FAITSTAFF OF THE AGE,

Is open to engagements of one or two weeks. Address
G. H. GRIFFITHS, Lockport, N. Y.

1-2-4

MR. C. BUSCH, agent of the Holman Family, is requested to send his address to Edward H. Hoffman, pianist, care of Russell & Tollman, Washington street, Boston.

1-11-4

THE NATIONAL TROUPE OF GLASS BLOWERS, comprising six of the best French and American artists in the world, have just closed their leaves at Rochester, N. Y., where they have been exhibiting to overflowing houses in Corinthian Hall during the past four weeks. Their New Mammoth Glass Steam Engine received the highest encomiums from the press and public there, as well as wherever they go, as being the most perfect and elaborate specimen of this art ever exhibited, and the only truly Glass Steam Engine in the world. This Troupe open at St. James' Hall, Buffalo, on the 15th inst.

1-11-4

HITCHCOCK'S NATIONAL CONCERT HALL,

172 NEW CANAL STREET.

TO MANAGERS.—A card having appeared in the last edition of the CLIPPER, calculated very much to injure the character and reputation of Mr. W. B. CAVANAGH, I feel it my duty in justice to him, and also myself as his manager, to make a few remarks, entirely repudiating the attack lately made against both his private and public character; not wishing to cast any reflection on our friend Mr. Burtis, or any of his attaches, nor do I wish to enter into a newspaper war, but wish simply to give my opinion of Mr. Cavanagh, and leave yourselves and the public to be the judges. Mr. Cavanagh applied to me three weeks ago for an engagement as Irish Comedian and Vocalist, and I must confess that instead of being played out, as it is vulgarly termed, I have found him one of the best performers I ever had in my place; his rich Irish humor, his excellent songs, which I never heard sung by any other artist, his Irish anecdotes, and his comic business, are only to be excelled by one man in the country, our friend George F. Cavanagh, who is a first-rate performer. Now as regards his private character, he has won the admiration of every one connected with the establishment—unassuming, and I may add, polished in every respect, he has always attended to his business, and sorry am I to well pleased, and he has fulfilled his engagement with me to my entire satisfaction, and I have regretted by all members of the company. He next appearance will be at Danbury, Conn., as Clown, in Messrs. Bally & Co's Circus.

1-11-4

WM. HITCHCOCK.

NIBLO'S SALOON.

UNABATED SUCCESS—CROWDED HOUSES.

MONDAY, APRIL 18,

And every evening during the week, LLOYD'S MINSTRELS.

SIXTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.

Birch, Fox, Wambold, Bidaux, Herman, Allen, Ancho, Lohian, Cool White, &c., in new Songs, Dances, Burlesques, &c. Doors open at 7; commence at 8. Tickets 25 cents. 1-11

GREEN STREET CONCERT HALL.

Late Green Street Theatre, Albany, N. Y.

This popular place of amusement is conducted on the liberal principle of giving quantity and quality to its patrons, as well as variety. The programme usually consists of singing, dancing, musical feats, minstrelsy, and the dramatic art is also ably supported. "Horse Pieces" are now the chief feature. Efforts are at all times made to secure and maintain an efficient company, which is at the present time second to none in a similar establishment.

Admission, 10, 15 and 25 cents.

1-11-4 H. R. HOWARD, Business Manager.

WHO ARE THE CHAMPIONS.—NOTICE TO BANJOISTS AND JIG DANCERS.—J. BOGAN will present a splendid Banjo to the best Banjoist, also a beautiful Silver Goblet to the best Jig Dancer, shortly, of which due notice will be given in the CLIPPER. This is a chance for our aspirants to the championship. Gentlemen wishing to contend for the prize will please send their names to JOHN J. BOGAN, 171 East 12th street, N. Y. N. B.—Banjo and Jig Dancing taught as usual, at 50 cents per lesson. Call and see the Prize Banjo. 1-11-4

CONCERT SALOON AGENCY.—Wanted immediately, first class Lady Vocalists, Danseuses, Ethiopian Performers, Acrobats, and Comic Singers. Apply either in person or by letter, enclosing a red and blue postage stamp to secure an answer, at 80 West Houston street. [1-11-4] J. CONNER, Agent.

TO THE MINSTREL PROFESSION.—Wanted, a first class tenor and balladist, one that reads music well. None but a steady, first class artist need apply. Address
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE, Boston, Mass.

1-11-4

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, April 16, 1861.

OBITUARY.

JERRY BRYANT.—In our last we barely had time to announce the death of the well known minstrel, Jerry Bryant, which painful event took place in this city on Monday morning, April 15th, between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock, the disease which carried him off so suddenly being congestion of the brain. It was the impression that the deceased had performed in his usual place in the band up to Saturday evening, April 14th, but this, we have been informed, was not the fact; his last appearance before the public taking place on Tuesday evening, April 24th. He had been complaining for some days previous to this, however, of a painful sensation in the head, but nothing serious was thought of at the time. On Wednesday he felt much worse, and was unable to take part in the performance with Bryant's Minstrels that evening. He now began to exhibit unmistakable evidences that his brain was affected, and the best medical skill in the city was called in. At times he appeared rational, and recognized the members of his family, and several old friends who dropped in to see him, but he was unable to reason or consciousness. On Sunday he was not considered in a really dangerous condition, although rather worse than he had been. His relatives and friends were in constant attendance upon him, and it was hoped that by skillful medical treatment, and careful nursing, he might soon recover, but these hopes were not destined to be realized. For on Monday morning, when he was dying, and some after eleven o'clock he breathed his last; his soul had left its tabernacle of clay, and winged its flight to the eternal world. The news of the death of one so well known and beloved in this community, spread with lightning rapidity, and in the hotels, theatres, concert saloons, and on the street, the all-absorbing topic of conversation was the death of poor Jerry Bryant. Many an eye, albeit moistened to the melting mood, shed a tear at the loss of one who had given them many hours of happiness while living, and whose untimely "taking off" cast a shadow of gloom on all around.

The funeral was first advertised to take place from his late residence, in Elizabeth street, on Wednesday afternoon, April 10th, at one o'clock P. M. Subsequently, in consequence of arrangements made to hold the funeral at St. Patrick's Cathedral, it was postponed to Monday morning, April 16th, at ten o'clock A. M., and long before that hour, large numbers of the friends of the deceased assembled at the house to pay the parting tribute. The cortege, including the widow, and other relatives of the deceased, at the hour named proceeded to St. Patrick's Cathedral, where the funeral services were held, and where quite a number of persons had already assembled, and ere long the church was occupied in every available place. The ceremonies were conducted by Rev. Father Starr, and consumed about one hour and a half, at the conclusion of which the coffin of splendid rose-wood—was placed in the middle aisle, the upper portion of the lid being removed, and disclosing the face of the lamented minstrel. The present was a most impressive scene, as the cortege then moved through the side aisles, and so on along the middle aisle, passing the coffin and all that remained of the once gay and rollicking Jerry Bryant. Emerging from the church, the procession was re-formed—its numbers greatly augmented—in the following order:

FILE OF POLICEMEN.

CARRIAGE CONTAINING THE OFFICIATING CLERGYMAN.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS, FOUR ABREAST.

LLOYD'S MINSTRELS, FOUR ABREAST.

Each wearing a Badge, on which was inscribed
"We Honor the Memory of JERRY BRYANT."

HEARSE.

Drawn by four black horses.

PALE BEARERS.

E. P. CHRISTY, CHARLES WHITE, DANIEL B. EMMETT, FRANCIS M. BROWER, EVAN E. HORN, JOHN SIMPSON, JAMES IRVING, JAMES O'BRIEN.

CARRIAGES.

Containing Relatives and Friends.

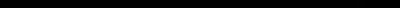
Friends of the Deceased on Foot, four abreast.

In this order the procession moved up Elizabeth street to Bleeker, along Bleeker to Broadway, down Broadway past Bryant's Minstrel Hall, which was draped in black to greet the remains of the mother of Williamburg Ferry, on reaching which the body of the minstrel divided to either side, the cortege passing through their open ranks. The remains were then taken on board the ferry boat to Williamsburgh, and thence to Calvary Cemetery, followed by the family and a large number of friends, in carriages. At the Cemetery the usual ceremonies were performed, the corpse placed in the family lot—where but a short time ago the remains of the minstrel of deceased were deposited—and thus closed the death and burial of the much lamented Jerry Bryant. The funeral procession was quite large, and would have been much larger but for the change in time, of which change many had not been apprised. Several members of the theatrical profession were in attendance, and we noticed Mr. Murphy, of the Walnut Street Theatre, likewise St. Sanford, of the city were present, and various members of the concert companies. Mr. Lloyd, proprietor of Lloyd's Minstrels, walked in the procession with his company.

A short sketch of the life and career of the deceased may not be out of place in this connection. Jerry Bryant was born in Chesterfield, Essex County, State of New York, on the 11th day of June, 1829, and at the time of his death was 32 years, 9 months, and 28 days old. He was brought to this city in the year 1835, and commenced the "battle of life" as an errand boy, "for devil," in the printing office of the New World, then conducted by Park Benjamin, and in the very room now occupied by the composers on the New York Courier and Enquirer. It was in the printing office of the New World that he was more conducive to the development of dramatic talent than it is at present, and many of our best actors can trace the first evidences of genius to the composing-room of a printing office. It was in Ann street that young Jerry first exhibited evidences of dramatic talent; and while the foreman was absent, the "young" would mount Jerry on a composing stone, and the "old" would "hug down" "and in other words, the great amusement of the office." Jerry made such a "hit" in private, that he determined to try what he could do before the people, and in 1842 he made his first appearance in public as a ballad singer, in white face. His debut was successful, and he received the congratulations of many friends. Deeming his talents fitted for other spheres than a printing office, young Bryant drew aside the "stick and rule," bade adieu to Ann street, and decided to stand as a comedian and singer. He was in the next year engaged by him to take the place of Pell's original "bones"—for his second trip to Europe, and in October, 1843, Jerry left for London, where the company performed at the St. James Theatre, and subsequently gave entertainments throughout the country; performing also at Glasgow and Edinburgh—then returned to London, and afterwards exhibited in Dublin. He returned to New York in 1849, and made a tour through the United States; and was afterwards engaged by the late Earl H. Pierce to open with him at Mitchell's old Olympic Theatre, in 1850. Closing here, he next proceeded to Boston with his brother Neil, and performed at the Oldway's Astoria in that city. In 1853 he returned to New York—where he always seemed to fetch up—and during a portion of that year and the year succeeding, he performed with E. P. Christy. In 1854, he sailed for California as a joint partner with E. P. Christy, Tom Briggs, and others, where they arrived in October of the same year, remaining there until August, 1855, when he sailed for Australia, stopping at the Sandwich Islands, at which place King Kamamehaha sent for the company to give a private performance, which they did, and with which Old Kamme was so well pleased, and particularly with Jerry, that he bestowed several presents upon him. Arriving in Australia, he travelled through all that country, meeting with good success, and after a year's stay in that country he returned to New York, and from thence sailed for New York in November, 1856. This ended Jerry's travels, for he

soon after formed a co-partnership with his brothers Dan and Neil, organized the now popular Bryant's Minstrels, and opened at 472 Broadway, on the 23d of February, 1857, at which place Jerry performed until within a few days of his death. The success the Bryant's Minstrels met with with him only being equaled in this city by P. Christy, who laid the foundation of a fortune in the same hall now occupied by the Bryants.

Poor Jerry! truly may it be said of him—"He was a fellow of infinite jest," for in him were combined the true spirit of drollery, and all the elements of fun without vulgarity. There was a peculiarity in his style that seemed to preclude all idea of successful imitation; he was in himself alone a host of talent, a delineator of essential Negro character never surpassed, and but rarely equaled. In his peculiar style, we fear that "we never shall look upon his like again." In private life, he was a social companion, gay, lively, and generous. He has relieved the necessities of many a fellow being, of which kind acts the world has never been apprised. One of the last acts of his life was, in connection with his brothers, to give a complimentary banquet to his old friend Frank Brown, which event took place on Saturday afternoon, April 6th, just two days before Jerry breathed his last. We could say much more concerning the good qualities of the deceased, but we have already extended our notice beyond the limits originally intended, and must bring our remarks to a close. A widow is left to mourn



NEW LAID EGGS.

Be gentle to the new laid eggs.
For eggs are brilliant things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress,
The yolk and white will run out,
And make a dreadful mess.

'Tis but a little while at best
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may added be,
That were quite fresh to-day.
Oh! let the touch be very light,
That takes them from the egg;
There is no hard whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg!

Ah! touch it with a tender touch,
For, till the egg is hatched,
Who knows but that it may be
It may be smashed and spoiled.
The summer wind that 'gainst it blows
Ought to be stilled and hushed;
For eggs, like youthful purity,
Are 'foul when they are squashed.'

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FIVE.

JOHN SLEEPER CLARKE, AND WILLIAM WHEATLEY,
MANAGERS OF THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN S. CLARKE.

Here we behold the only low comedian of importance in the country. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1832. At an early period of his life, by the advice of his mother, he entered the office of an attorney, to prepare himself for that profession; very soon after we find him a member of a Thespian Association, then flourishing in his native city—Mr. Edwin Booth being the leading man. While connected with this association, Mr. Clarke acted all the tragic parts, believing that his forte was tragedy; but he soon exhibited a greater partiality for Thalia, the muse of Comedy, with her sportive mask, the back, and shepherd's crook, than for Melpomene, whose regal sceptre, crown, dagger, bow and buskin he, so caught the fancy of the Venetian bard, that he addressed the finest of his odes to her. We are therefore more than pleased with Mr. Clarke, who is one of the most celebrated of Thalia's modern votaries.

In 1851, Mr. Clarke became a member of the Howard Athenaeum, Boston, making his debut on the public stage as Frank Hardy, in "Paul Pry," and at once creating a very favorable impression. At the opening of the season of 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he became a member of the company, making his debut August 28, as Iago, in "Othello," and "The Would-Be." He remained in this company until June, 1854, when he returned to his native city, and engaged at the low comedian at the Front Street Theatre. In 1855, he was engaged at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, making his first appearance in that city in May, as Digory, in "The Spectre Bridegroom." First appeared at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 18, 1855, as Toddlers, a character in which he stands unapproachable. He remained in the company until August 18, 1855, when he added the duties of co-manager with that of actor.

On Thursday morning, April 29, 1859, Mr. C. was united in the bonds of wedlock, at Baltimore, to Miss Asia Booth, youngest daughter of Julius Booth of Boston. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Grafton, in St. Paul's Church.

Mr. C. has won a truer and healthier reputation as an artistic comedian than any of his predecessors for many years. He came amongst us without any preliminary puff; he was assisted by no clappers of the press; his enunciation is so clear that you lose no word or syllable of the text, in any character he assumes. He scarce ever makes his entrance in a play, but he is received with an involuntary applause, not of hands only, for those may be, and have often been partially prostituted, and bespoken; but by a general laughter, which the very sight of him provokes, and nature cannot resist; yet the louder the laugh, the graver is his look upon it; and the ridiculous solemnity of his features as he looks upon it, a whole bench of bishops into a litter, could be no more honored (may it be no offence to suppose it) with such grave and right reverend auditors. Those curious admixtures of wit and hilarity, of subtle conception and fantastical sport, are of too composite a nature for ordinary handling. From that grand dialectician, the discriminate Touchstone, to that broader philosopher, the clown in "Twelfth Night," and the droll Launce, each finds in his treatment their proper significance, and takes his rank as distinctly as if defined by a herald. Their quips and their quiddities, their gibes and their cozenings, always obtain in his speech their right aptness and flavor, and gain in his looks their entire illustration—that double expression which, as it lights up the meaning, reveals the enjoyment. His appearance has the same effect on the audience as the turning on of the light, which we are always happy to feel, unusable to analyze; and such a state of feeling soon puts aside criticism. We become passive in his hands, to be moved as he pleases. If he deprives us of thought, he restores us to boyhood; he takes us back to the time when our hearts were unburdened, and our appetite for life turned all fancies into facts. If an actor be constituted to produce such results, and fortune has favored him as much as the public, we are happy to think that he has deserved his reward, and is not less in his life than in his pleasant profession he has succeeded to the fame of his worthy precursor.

In a word, I am tempted to sum up the character of Mr. Clarke as a comedian, in a parody of what Shakespeare's Mark Antony says of Brutus as a hero:—
"His life was laughter, and the ludicrous
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say all this—this is an actor!"

In Mr. Clarke's representation of Bob Tyke—a character which affords the widest, the most contrasted—pasion, the most desperate and brutal, and affection the most sincere and tender, ruffianly rudeness and the humility of a child, heaven-defying insolence and low and humble penance, away him; and shift over the surface of his character, like autumnal clouds patching the landscape. In sustaining the character of Bob Tyke, Mr. C. took the audience by surprise, and played with such power and effect, that he almost chained the people to their seats. There was a breadth and a finish about it, a tenderness, sweetness, and utter simplicity, which took right hold of the hearts of the best judges in these matters. His dialect is that of the rustic to the major born, not that of an actor dressed like a country lout—it was nature, life. Mr. Clarke has, several times, shown that he is not restricted to farce. His best played characters—indeed those which have made the most powerful and lasting impression—have not been Paul Pry, Toddlers, Digory, and that sort of thing. In natural characters he produces his best effects, and renews and multiplies the laurels of his fame. The Toddlers, Paul Pry, Digory, where are they? Where are the incessantly funny men? Heaven defend us from them? But in Bob Tyke, we see much for which our heart finds a ready response.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY.

Born in the city of New York, 1820. Made his first appearance on the stage as a child, at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1826, during the first engagement of Mr. Macready at that house. Mr. M. was so pleased with our hero's impersonation of Albert, in "William Tell," that he prevailed on his parents to let him accompany him on his starting tour through the States, for the express purpose of personating the character of Albert. He appeared in Philadelphia January 15th, 1827, at the Chestnut, as Albert. He appeared at the Park Theatre, and the piece known as "Tom Thumb" was got up by Mr. Simpson in magnificent style, expressly for Master W. The company consisted of such persons as Hiram, Barnes, Henry Placide and Peter Richings. The piece was well put on the stage, and met with a run, our hero making, in theatrical parlance, a "hit." His progress was so rapid that in a very short time, a "hit" position of leading light comedian of the first theatre in the East. Thus we find him filling the most comprehensive line of general acting that perhaps any actor ever did on the American or any other stage.

Before he reached his 21st year, he was manager of the old National Theatre, Church street, New York. In 1842 he seceded from the National, and joined the forces at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, making his debut September 23d, as Dericourt, in "Belle's Stratagem." The company at that theatre at the time was composed, perhaps, of the best body of performers that has ever been brought together, in the memory of the living. It was as follows:—Misses Charlotte and Susan, E. J. Davenport, Wheatley, Jones, Messrs. Blake, Hadaway, Henkens, E. J. Davenport, Wheatley, Chippendale, Mrs. Maeder, and Mrs. Thayer. It was during this time that the old Walnut enjoyed its world-wide reputation. Mr. W. remained at this establishment and others under Mr. E. A. Marshall's management until 1851. He was now seized by a new and equally as sage aberration of fancy. He retired from the stage, taking a farewell benefit on the 24th of March, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. The bill consisted of "The Hunchback," Miss J. M. Davenport as Julia, and Miss Alexina Fisher as Helen; with the "Serious Family." Mr. Wheatley appearing as Sir Thomas Clifford and Capt. Murphy Maguire.

After a brief sojourn in Wall street, New York, he took a fancy to

visit Nicaragua, and had the honor of raising the first American flag on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, at Virgin Bay.

He returned to the States and made his re-appearance on the stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after a retirement of two years. A numerous audience witnessed his reappearance, and his public greeting was very warm and enthusiastic. His next step was the management of the Washington, D. C. Theatre. Returning to Philadelphia in June, 1853, he played a star engagement at the Arch Street Theatre. On the 20th of August, 1853, in conjunction with Mr. John Drew, he became lessee of the Arch Street Theatre. At the close of the first piece on the opening night, he stepped forward to make a speech—a circumstance which his friends as fully expected as any part of the night's entertainment, which had been advertised in bills, and a treat which he seldom niggardly bestows like fleecy clothing, it is never out of season—saturny at all temperatures. On the above occasion, he made the following remarks:—

"We will labor to make the establishment (the Arch) over which we preside the true temple of the drama, where rational entertainment and instruction, in a shape most likely to strike the mind, may be afforded to the audience. The end and purpose of the stage is, in the language of Shakespeare, 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' To do this, and to do it well, will be our earnest aim and endeavor."

How Mr. Wheatley has kept his word, we refer to the present reputation of the establishment in the Colon. At the time he took the reins of management, the affairs of the theatre were in a shattered condition, through bad management, and it was a bold undertaking for one to revive the spirit of the drama within its walls. The management commenced by abolishing the star system, and engaging a company of stars, opened under the title of the "Star Company," and succeeded in placing his theatre upon the summit of popularity and prosperity. Mr. W. had no sooner gained a popularity for his establishment, under the above title, than we find "star companies" all over the country, and even in England there is a theatre known by the same appellation.

Mr. W. is admirably calculated to be at the head of a dramatic temple. His industry, taste, talent, and energy have always commanded the highest respect. As a comedian, Wheatley has never been excelled, and it may be, never will be equalled. He never appropriates the scenic effects of others, but always plays in such a manner as to bring into best operation the professional merits of those around him. This fact, and a total absence of jealousy towards rising actors, renders him always popular with his brethren. We may, in fine, term him as a kind of dramatic Alcibiades; great versatility, eccentric enterprise, with a fervent devotion to the public duties, and in respect to his theatre, Mr. W. has been a brilliant soldier. As Jaffier, Belcour, Young Mirabel, Rover, Rapid, Charles Surface, Tangent, Captain Absolute, Bob Handy, Evelyn, Dick Dowless, Romeo, Claude Melnotte, and Doricourt, Mr. Wheatley stands pre-eminent.

His Belcour is a most elegant and accomplished specimen of genteel acting—chaste, graceful, and where the character required and admitted it, in the most delicate manner, he has been happily and judiciously studied the part, long, and pondered it deeply. Young Mirabel is as changeable as the colors of the rainbow, but the shades of character should melt one into the other as do the colors, without abrupt transitions. As the gay, rollicking, witty rover, Mr. Wheatley was superb. Want of room compels us to pass him in comedy.

Though far short of a great tragedian, he is an impressive player of tragic parts. The most abstruse which belongs to the character of Hamlet meets with a happy delineation in Wheatley's efforts; his tremulous awe, his impressive accents, when in the presence of his father's spirit, produce on his auditory a cleaving sympathy, making the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself.

In Romeo, he is always attractive; a success multiplying his triumphs with great adding to his fame, as Romeo is perhaps the least intellectual character of Shakespeare's heroes. But the wild, romantic passion of the youthful Veronese, and that frightful despair, the last of mortal suffering, are powerfully portrayed by him. The scene with Friar Lawrence, wherein he hears his sentence—"banishment"—and particularly the speech concluding—
"They may seize
On the white woe of Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessings from her lips,"
are also most effectively sustained.

His style of acting is vivid, original, and impressive. It is the product of genius, improved and exalted by taste and study. The wonderful superiority of W. consists in the force and comprehension of his genius, the boldness and originality of his manner, the significance of his gestures, the astonishing flexibility of his countenance, and a patriarchal beard, and incipient moustache, just come up to Pungamag, Vermont, and ask any one thereabouts for Rev. Richard Bettle, and you will be gratified." Good for the Baptist minister!

Next week, E. A. Sotherton, and Edwin Adams, the popular young American actor.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS.

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NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

The Game Bob Purcell Again.—His Battle with M'Dermot.

Soon after Purcell returned to London, a match was made for him, for 50 guineas a side, with one M'Dermot, a man quite as big and heavy as his last opponent. On Tuesday, August 31st, 1859, near the spot where Jim Belcher defeated Gamble in such gallant style, on Wimbledon Common, the amateurs assembled to witness the above fight.

A noble Earl, distinguished in the Fancy, took his seat close to the ring, and the Corinthians rallied round him numerous. The commoners were also in abundance, and the Patenders black diamonds, from the East end of the town, were full of pick, sporting their little alleys upon Paddy M'Dermot, not only from his well-known gameness, but his numerous victories on the banks of the Thames. At one o'clock, Purcell, attended by Richmond and Shelton, and his seconds, threw his castor into the ring; and the Irish black diamond shortly after repeated this sort of defiance, followed by Paddy Jones and Tom Reynolds. Two to one was offered upon Purcell.

ROUND 1. On stripping, M'Dermot, in appearance, was not unlike the figure of the renowned Tom Johnson, and the tremendous Big Ben; but, upon putting up his hands, any comparison in respect to their scientific acquirements, was completely obliterated. Purcell was not long before he felt for Paddy's nob, but it was a tremendous hitting round, and some of the blows were quite serious. The strength and boxing qualities of the Irishman were not to be stayed, and not till after two minutes had been occupied in desperate mulling, hit for hit, but became quite exhausted, and Purcell fell from a slight hit.—Loud shouts of approbation from the patronage of M'Dermot.

2. It was evident M'Dermot was doomed to be a Receiver General, although he had nobbed Purcell once or twice, and drawn the first claret. Purcell had the best of it, but in some respects without return; but still the strength of the Irishman was of that nature, that it appeared to require heavier punishment than Purcell was able to administer, to render victory perfectly secure. Both down, and 3 to 1 offered on the game Purcell.

3. Here the game of the Fancy was put to the test. Since the memorable day at Cophur, when Crisp fought Molasses, such an out and out shover had not been experienced. It operated upon the frames of the spectators with that sort of effect, as if one of the dykes had given way in Holland. It was almost impossible to withstand its driving qualities, and many bolted and took shelter under the heavy drags and post chaises; but the combatants, with hearts like lions, unmindful of the "peeling pitiless storm," stood up to each other as much as they could, and were promoting the walks of Vauxhall. Purcell was bored over the ring, but he got away; till, in closing, they both went down.

4. The appearance of the spectators was now like drowned men; and not a drop of daffy was to be obtained at any price, to raise their spirits. Indeed, the ground was one sheet of water. But the seconds, and Purcell and M'Dermot, seemed as insensible to the rudeness of the elements as if they were in a room, except in serving each other out. Purcell ultimately was sent home, the Patenders were now in high glee; the exultation was loud indeed; numerous hats were thrown up, and a ray of hope seemed to appear for the East enders.

5. To 7. The potato trap of poor Paddy had now been played upon, as it always operates upon a salt box at Bartholomew Fair. Purcell, it is true, has the best of these rounds; but, nevertheless, the heavy hits of the Irishman, when they were down, did some execution upon the body. M'Dermot could not fight, but he could receive equal to any glutton that ever entered a ring.

8. It was now seen that the Irishman, notwithstanding his strength and goodness, could not take the lead; and Purcell, from his superior science, was enabled to break away and hit his opponent till he went down.

9. Purcell nobbed the Irishman with great ease, and the claret most copiously followed each touch. Paddy staggered from each hit, but he would not fall. They fought all over the ring, till M'Dermot, quite exhausted, went down.

10. This was a good round; and it was the old school of fighting revived. Sailing was out of the question; but the mug of Paddy was his all to please; yet he would not be denied, and ultimately got Purcell down. Loud shouting; and his countrymen vociferating, "Where's your 2 to 1?"

11. This round was a complete chancery suit, and Paddy's head did not belong to him—at least, he could not protect it from the rule liberties his adversary took with it. No less than fifteen blows did Purcell plant with success. The Irishman was often hit staggering away, and sometimes down to the ground. Both his eyes were nearly in state of darkness; his frontispiece all vermilion; but his gluttony would have beat all the Aldermens of London in a canter.—4 to 1 loudly offered.

12. Sparring for wind; and the general observation that Purcell never fought any thing like so well before. The latter broke away, and most successfully nobbed his already punished opponent till both went down.

13. The gameness of the Irishman was the theme of all the spectators; and although his nob was so "snored," it seemed as if Purcell's strength would scarcely last to finish him. Although hit staggering away, yet he repeatedly returned to his work. Both down.

14. The storm had not subsided; all were in it—wet through—and the mill going on with all the regularity of a court of law. Purcell was severely punished, and he would not be again so strongly marked; but his game was so well known, that it was poundable to a farth-

ing, "No" would not escape his lips. This round was all his own, and he appeared a most able politician in chancery. "He will not fight another round," was the cry. "M'Dermot is done up; his face is quite changed, and he's all abroad." Any odds.

15. The frame of the Irishman was so good, that he was determined to try it on to the last moment. Purcell, however, finished poor Paddy in prime style. He put in a tremendous nobber, and also seconded it by a heavy body hit, that not only deprived him of his wind, but his recollection. In fact, he was floored, and hit out of time. Twenty-five minutes was the time of the battle. Purcell, always in his store, he began, as usual, to tell of his great bargains, and at last wound up with the expression, "Nobody has ever cheated me, nor they can't do it neither."

"Judge," said an old man of the company, "I've cheated you morn'n you ever did me."

"How so?" said the Judge.

"If you'll promise you won't go to law about it; you are too much of a law character for me."

"Let's hear! let's hear!" cried half a dozen voices.

"I'll promise," said the Judge, "and treat into the bargain if you have."

"Well, do you remember the wagon you robbed me out of?"

"I never robbed you out of any wagon," exclaimed the Judge; "I only got the best of a bargain."

"Well, I made up my mind to have it back, and—"

"You never did!" interrupted the "cute Judge."

"Yes I did, and interest too."

"How so?" thundered the now enraged Judge.

"Well, you see, Judge, I sold you one day a very nice pine log, and bargained with you for a lot more. Well, that log I stole out of your wood pile, down by the mill, the night before, and the next day I sold it to you. The next night I drew it home, and sold it to you the next day; and so I kept on until you bought your own log of me twenty-seven times."

"That's a lie!" exclaimed the infuriated Judge, running to his boots, and examining his log accounts; "you never sold us twenty-seven logs of the same measurement."

"I know it," said the vender of logs; "by drawing it back and forth the ends wore off, until it was only ten feet long—just fourteen feet shorter than it was the first time I brought it, and when it got so short I drew it home again and worked it up into shingles, and then I concluded I had got my wagon back and stowed away in my pocket book."

The exclamation of the Judge was drowned in the shouts of the by-standers, and the logdrawer found the door without the promised treat. And to see an enraged man, you have only to ask the Judge if he was ever shamed.

A GOOD HAND, BUT STUCK WITH THE FIST.—In the summer of 1857, I was ascending the Mississippi in the steamer B. Just as she was leaving a wood-yard her deck collapsed. At the time a company was playing poker in the social hall. G had just drawn his wallet to go an X better. His legs were folded and locked between the seat and the round of his chair. At the report he made a spring forward, and not reflecting that his feet were fast, he landed flat on his face. He struggled hard to rise, and kicked with all his strength to loosen his feet, but it was "no go." Such another scrambling was never witnessed. At last he gained his self-possession, and amid the roars of laughter among his companions, who had just returned to the hall after finding that no person was hurt, he cried out:—"It's just my darned luck! If it had been my brother Jake, the darned due wouldn't have bust till he had raked the pile!"

RAZORS AND DUMB-BELLS.—A Baptist minister says he was badly troubled, years ago, with coughs, throat diseases, etc. A brother tried hard to persuade him to give up the razor. At last he yielded. He closes his piece thus:—"With many misgivings I accepted a call to a church in Northern New England; I gave my razors and their appendages to a rising young relative, and bought a pair of twelve-pound dumb-bells and heavy boots. That was five years ago. Now, if you wish to see a sturdy looking cleric, with well-knotted chest and arms, and a patriarchal beard, and incipient moustache, just come up to Pungamag, Vermont, and ask any one thereabouts for Rev. Richard Bettle, and you will be gratified." Good for the Baptist minister!

FOURTEEN SQUIDS.—"Sam," said Bill, "why is the sun like Sayers?" "Du-du-du-du-du," answered Sam. "Cuz it goes down every night." "Fool, fool, fool!" said Sam. "What is the difference between a retail dry goods clerk and Sayers' nastiest lick?" "Du-du-du-du," answered Sam. "Cuz one is a nob on the counter, and the other is a counter on the nob." "Why was the referee like a mountain?" yet again Sam said. "Du-du-du-du," Bill said, "I'll tell you—cuz he sloped."

GETTING USED TO IT.—A "contemporary" states that "Mr. Taff was run over and killed, on the Cleveland road, the other day," and adds that a "similar misfortune" occurred to him about two years ago!

AN INDUSTRIOUS HOUND.—A man in Bridgton, Me., has a hound which has caught twenty-seven red and two black foxes the past winter.

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